

BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!

magazine

Y-YOU'RE **NOT** HUMAN--
JUST THINGS! EVIL THINGS
THAT CAN **CHANGE** THEIR
FORM THROUGH WITCHCRAFT!
DON'T COME NEAR ME!

IT **WON'T** DO YOU
ANY GOOD TO RUN--
TO SCREAM--**IT'S TOO
LATE FOR THAT--**
TONIGHT, YOU BELONG
TO THE
CAT PEOPLE!





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THE CAT PEOPLE

Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY



"I NEVER THOUGHT THAT A VISIT TO MY OLD FRIEND MALCOLM BROOKS WOULD SERVE TO BRING BACK THE *DIABOLICAL* EXPERIENCE WHICH HAD KEPT ME HOSPITALIZED FOR SO MANY MONTHS. HE MET ME AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE -- WARM AND SMILING.

GEORGE GATES! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK? I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN EUROPE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, MAL! THE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN PRETTY ROUGH ON ME.



"IT WAS WHEN WE ENTERED HIS LIVING ROOM AND CAME UPON MALCOLM'S TWO CHILDREN AT PLAY, THAT I RECEIVED THE SHOCK.

COME IN, GEORGE. DON AND BETTY WILL BE TICKLED TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

MAL -- T-HEY'RE PLAYING --

CAT'S CRADLE! IT'S STILL POPULAR AMONG THE SMALL SET! FUNNY HOW THESE OLD GAMES HANG ON --

MAL! STOP THEM -- IT'S EVIL! DANGEROUS!



WHAT? OH, COME NOW, GEORGE! YOU AREN'T **SERIOUS** --

PLEASE, MAL, PLEASE! THEY **MUSTN'T** CONTINUE THAT GAME!



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November-December, 1953

GEORGE LOOKED AT ME ODDLY... WATCHING WITH MOUNTING ALARM, THE UGLY SIGHT OF FEAR BREAKING DOWN MY CRUMBLING RESERVE. I WAS ALMOST LIMP FROM THE STRAIN OF TENSION WHEN HE QUICKLY STEPPED IN AND STOPPED THE CHILDREN'S GAME.

HERE, YOU TWO, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT. WE'VE GOT A GUEST. YOU REMEMBER UNCLE GEORGE DON'T YOU?

SURE! HI, UNCLE GEORGE! GOSH, YOU DON'T LOOK SO WELL. IS UNCLE GEORGE SICK, DADDY?

LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU KIDS TRY THE COLORING BOOKS IN THE PLAYROOM. UNCLE GEORGE AND I HAVE SOME THINGS TO TALK OVER!

MAL, YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW ...I... I WAS FRIGHTENED. BADLY FRIGHTENED. THAT CHILD'S GAME... IF YOU KNEW ITS ORIGIN, YOU'D UNDERSTAND WHY I ACTED THAT WAY!

IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE KNOWN YOU, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU IN SUCH A STATE, GEORGE. WHAT ON EARTH COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU?

A MONSTROUS THING, MAL! SOMETHING SO... SO INDESCRIBABLE AND I... I DON'T KNOW IF I DARE TALK ABOUT IT...

THAT BAD? YES, I GUESS, IT MUST HAVE BEEN! I CAN SEE THAT! WHERE DID IT HAPPEN... IN EUROPE?

YES... IN SPAIN, TO BE EXACT. THERE ARE PLACES THERE WHERE THINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED SINCE THE EARTH WAS YOUNG...

THE PAST IS STILL VISIBLE ANYWHERE IN EUROPE... THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS... RUINS... I KNOW, BUT...

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE PAST MADE BY MAN, GEORGE. THERE WERE OTHERS... UNSEEN... HINTED AT... THINGS THAT DID NOT DIE... THINGS STILL ALIVE TODAY!

"I COULDN'T STOP THERE. I HAD TO TELL HIM! WHAT MAL OR ANYONE ELSE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, DIDN'T MATTER ANY MORE. I WAS RE-COUNTING IT TO MYSELF... GOING BACK WITH MORBID FASCINATION TO THAT HOT, SCORCHING DAY WHEN I LOST MY WAY IN THE ANDALUSIAN FOOTHILLS...

WHAT A WILD AND DESOLATE PLACE TO WANDER ABOUT IN! THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF HUMAN HABITATION...

NATURE, THERE WAS MOST UNKIND TO A MAN IN MY PREDICAMENT! ENDLESS HOURS OF WALKING BROUGHT ME NOTHING BUT EXHAUSTION. I FOUND **SHELTER** IN THE SHADE OF A HUGE BOULDER AND SAT DOWN. THEN I HEARD THE VOICE...

WELL! I'M IN LUCK! THAT OLD WOMAN SURE IS A **WELCOME** SIGHT!

THE YOUNG SENOR WEARS THE DUST OF **MANY** MILES. HE IS TIRED AND HUNGRY. I'LL WAGER!



THESE ORANGES ARE GOOD, SENOR. YOU WILL MAKE MY OLD HEART HAPPY IF YOU TAKE ONE. IT IS **NOT** OFTEN THAT I COME UPON TRAVELERS IN THIS PLACE!

THIS IS VERY KIND OF YOU, SENORA. CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A **TOWN** NEARBY? I HAVE TRAVELED FAR THIS DAY AND, I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH THIS PART OF THE LAND.



THERE IS NO TOWN NEARBY... NOT, FOR MANY LEAGUES. BUT, YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY AT MY **HUMBLE** HOME UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO CONTINUE ON YOUR JOURNEY!

I THANK YOU AGAIN, SENORA. I'M WILLING TO **PAY** FOR MY LODGINGS!



"MY LODGINGS TURNED OUT TO BE A **HUGE** CAVERN IN THE SIDE OF A HILL. THERE WAS TALK OF THE GYPSIES WHO LIVED IN SUCH PRIMITIVE QUARTERS. NOW, I WAS ACTUALLY A GUEST IN ONE. STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT WAS COMFORTABLY FURNISHED."

THIS IS NOT A HOME AS THE SENOR HAS KNOWN ONE. BUT THERE IS ROOM AND WARMTH. IT IS A **SIMPLE** LIFE WE LIVE HERE!

WE?



MY DAUGHTER CHATA AND MYSELF, SENOR. AH, I CAN HEAR HER BEGINNING TO STIR ABOUT. SHE IS **LAZY**, THAT ONE. BUT WHAT A BEAUTY, SENOR...



"THE OLD WOMAN WAS RIGHT! I'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING TO MATCH HER IN LOOKS! THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT TURNED ONE'S SPINE INTO AN ICICLE OF FEAR!"

LOOK AT HER! SHE IS **PLEASED**. VISITORS ARE FEW IN OUR HOUSEHOLD!



"IT WAS THE GIRL'S EYES THAT HAUNTED ME. THEY WERE A BRILLIANT GREEN. AND, THEY STARED AT ME WITHOUT EVEN BLINKING. THE MOTHER TALKED EXCITEDLY TO HER IN STACCATO SPANISH. THE GIRL LISTENED, REPLIED... **BUT NEVER TOOK HER GAZE FROM ME...**"



"I'M WELL VERSED IN THE DIALECTS OF SPAIN! BUT, THEIRS WAS A TONGUE THAT WAS UNFAMILIAR, LIKE THEIR STANDARD OF LIVING, I SUPPOSED. THEIR SPEECH HAD DETERIORATED, FROM THAT CRUDE, UNINTELLIGIBLE JARGON, I CAUGHT A WORD OR TWO... ESPECIALLY, THE WORD 'TONIGHT' WHICH BROUGHT AN EAGER, ALMOST **HUNGRY** LIGHT TO THEIR EYES! I PRETENDED TO BE CASUAL AND DISINTERESTED..."

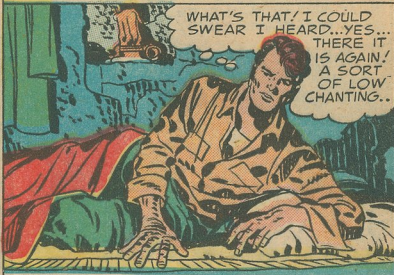
AH, FOOD AND DRINK! THANK YOU, SENORA! I'M FAMISHED...

EAT HEARTY! THEN YOU SHALL REST! THERE IS A CHAMBER ABOVE...



"TWO WOMEN, LIVING ALONE AND THRIVING IN A TERRITORY ABANDONED BY MAN TO THE THINGS WHICH GREW AND RAN WILD... THIS OBSERVATION LED AN ARMY OF QUESTIONS MARCHING INTO MY MIND! THE ANSWERS **DIDN'T** FOLLOW! I DIDN'T LIKE THAT! THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS FULL OF TALK ABOUT ROBBING, KILLING AND EVEN, WITCHCRAFT! I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL!"

WHAT'S THAT! I COULD SWEAR I HEARD... YES... THERE IT IS AGAIN! A SORT OF LOW CHANTING...



"**STEALTHILY**, I ROSE FROM WHERE I'D SLEPT AND CREPT TO THE OPENING WHICH OVERLOOKED THE CHAMBER BELOW!



THE SENORA AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTER! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE INTONING SOME SORT OF **RITUAL**...

WELL, I'LL BE... THEY'RE PLAYING A **CHILD'S** GAME! "CAT'S CRADLE!" THEY SEEM MIGHTY SERIOUS ABOUT IT...



"IT WAS LIKE LOOKING INTO A GROTESQUE NURSERY... WHERE EVIL CHILDREN SANG TO THE OUTER DARKNESS AND CAT'S CRADLE WAS THE SYMBOL OF SOME NAMELESS HORROR..."

IT LOOKS LIKE PART OF SOME SUPERSTITIOUS RITUAL, SO THE LADIES AREN'T CRIMINALS... M-MERELY **WITCHES**...

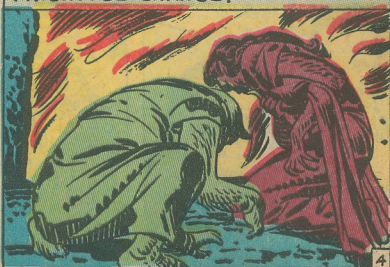


"I COULD HANDLE WITCHES, I THOUGHT! THEIR WEAPON WAS **FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN**, AND THE WORST I COULD SUFFER WAS A CASE OF THE CREEPS, BUT I WAS WRONG! DEAD WRONG! THAT WAS THE MOMENT I SHOULD HAVE RUN..."

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS... I CAUGHT HIS NAME IN THEIR CHANT! AND THEY'RE SHAPING THE STRING INTO VARIOUS CABALISTIC DESIGNS. GOOD GRIEF! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THOSE WOMEN!



"IN THE FIREPLACE, THE FLAMES, SUDDENLY, LEAPED AND ROARED WITH A NEW LIFE OF THEIR OWN! AND, THE WOMEN... BEFORE MY VERY EYES, WERE UNDERGOING SOME **FRIGHTFUL CHANGE!**"



"HOW CAN I DESCRIBE THE TERROR THAT SEIZED ME WHEN I FOUND MYSELF CONFRONTED BY THINGS THAT WERE NO LONGER HUMAN...THINGS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN GIANT CATS...BUT WEREN'T!"



"HEARING THE THING-UTTER **HUMAN** WORDS, THREW ME INTO MOTION! I RAN SCREAMING FOR THE LADDER...WITH THOSE FIENDS CLOSE ON MY HEELS!"



"THEY ALMOST CAUGHT ME AT THE LADDER, AND, I FOUGHT WITH THE **FURY** OF THE INSANE AGAINST THE RAKING CLAWS."



"HOW I GOT TO THE UPPER CHAMBER, I'LL **NEVER** KNOW! MY BODY BURNED LIKE FIRE AND, MY LUNGS SEEMED CLOSE TO THE BURSTING POINT! BUT, I KEPT GOING...READY TO CLIMB THE BARE WALL IN SEARCH OF AN EXIT... I FOUND ONE..."



"I RAN THROUGH COUNTLESS OPENINGS...ENDLESS STONY CORRIDORS...AND THERE WAS GRIM EVIDENCE STREWN ABOUT OF **OTHER** VICTIMS OF SUCH CHASES..."



"IT DROVE ME ON WITH A GREATER FRENZY! SUDDENLY I FELT THE COOL TOUCH OF A BREEZE ABOVE ME WAS AN OPENING LEADING TO THE OUTSIDE!"



"THE HUNT WOULD SOON BE OVER! BUT, I **DIDN'T** CARE! I WOULD DIE BE- NEATH THE OPEN SKY... IN THE CLEAN NIGHT..."



"THEN, THEY WERE UPON ME... SCREECHING AND CLAWING AND THEIR **SATANIC** FACES WERE THE END OF ALL REASON... I PRAYED THAT DEATH WOULD BE QUICK IF NOT MERCIFUL."



"I THINK I HEARD THE SHOTS BEFORE I BLACKED OUT. I **DON'T** REMEMBER CLEARLY! WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS IN A SHEPHERD'S HUT... IN THE HOME OF THE MAN WHO'D KILLED THOSE... THOSE THINGS..."

"GOOD GRIEF, GEORGE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THIS **REALLY** HAPPENED W-WHY IT'S LIKE ONE OF THOSE SILLY... I MEAN..."



"YES, I KNOW! IT'S LIKE THE KIND OF STORY YOU SCARE THE KIDDIES WITH, BUT LET ME TELL YOU, MAL! THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE WHO CAN INVOKE THE POWERS OF THE DEVIL..."



"AND, I BELIEVE, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN 'CATS CRADLE' WAS NOT A CHILD'S GAME... BUT AN ART OF SORCERERS AND WITCHES... **HALF-HUMANS** WHO KNEW THE MANY DOORS WHICH OPENED ON A DEMON'S DOMAIN."



"MALCOLM EYED ME **WARILY**... WITH THE CAUTIOUS AIR OF A MAN CONFRONTED BY A MAD LUNATIC! I COULDN'T BLAME HIM! BUT, I ALSO COULDN'T HELP FEELING ANGRY!"

"BELIEVE ME, MAL! I'M NOT A RAVING MAD-MAN! WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU IS NO FAIRY TALE!"

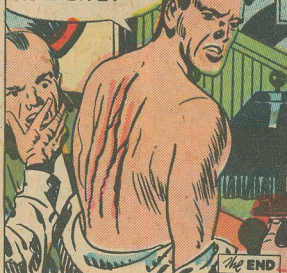
"OF COURSE, GEORGE! IF YOU SAY SO... BUT STILL... WITHOUT PROOF, I DON'T SEE HOW..."



"**PROOF! PROOF!** DID YOU THINK AN EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT WOULD NOT LEAVE ITS MARK? I'LL SHOW YOU, MAL! I'LL SHOW YOU **PROOF!**"



"THERE, MALCOLM! THERE ARE THE SCARS... STILL RED AND UGLY... MINE TO CARRY AS LONG AS I LIVE!"



"MALCOLM'S **HORRIFIED** GAZE FOLLOWED THE THREADLIKE PATTERN OF THE CLAW MARKS... IT WAS A FAMILIAR AND SHOCKING PATTERN... HE'D SEEN IT SO OFTEN BEING FORMED BY THE NIMBLE FINGERS OF HIS CHILDREN AS THEY PLAYED THE WITCHES' GAME OF CAT'S CRADLE!"

The END

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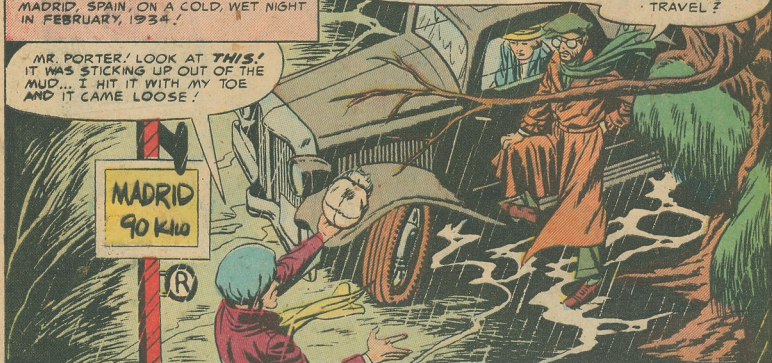
The gun poked through the curtain of time and fired across a million years to put ---

A HOLE IN HIS HEAD

AS MARTHA HARDY TOLD THE STORY, IT WAS CARL MORTON WHO FOUND THE SKULL JUST OFF A DIRT ROAD SOME FORTY-FIVE MILES FROM THE CITY OF MADRID, SPAIN, ON A COLD, WET NIGHT IN FEBRUARY, 1934.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT CAN WAIT! I HAVE A LECTURE TO DELIVER AT THE INSTITUTE IN MADRID TOMORROW! REMEMBER? **AND WE'RE LOST!** HOW FAR DO WE STILL HAVE TO TRAVEL?

MR. PORTER? LOOK AT **THIS!** IT WAS STICKING UP OUT OF THE MUD... I HIT IT WITH MY TOE AND IT CAME LOOSE!



NINETY KILOMETERS, ACCORDING TO THE SIGNPOST! BUT... PORTER, I'VE BEEN WITH YOU LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW A FOSSIL WHEN I SEE ONE! LOOK! THIS THING IS ANCIENT!

YOU'RE A MAN OF **MANY** TALENTS, AREN'T YOU, CARL? LET ME SEE THAT...



JOHN PORTER WAS AN ANTHROPOLOGIST. CARL MORTON WAS HIS MANAGER... AND MARTHA HARDY WAS HIS SECRETARY... AS WELL AS HIS FIANCEE! ALL THREE WERE TIRED AND TENSE! EUROPEAN LECTURE TOURS ARE NOT EASY! THAT WAS TO BE IMPORTANT, LATER!



I'D STAKE MY REPUTATION THAT THIS IS THE SKULL OF A NEANDERTHAL MAN! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, PERHAPS MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD! BUT... SUCH THINGS JUST AREN'T FOUND THIS WAY!

THIS ONE WAS! THE RAIN MUST HAVE WASHED AWAY THE EARTH AROUND IT! I'LL BET THAT OLD BOY NEVER FIGURED HE'D BE PICKED UP BY SOMEONE LIKE ME WHEN HE CONKED OUT!



THERE'S WHAT PROBABLY KILLED HIM! THAT HOLE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! WHAT A BREAK! I CAN JUST SEE THE HEADLINES! ANTHROPOLOGIST FINDS SKULL OF MILLION YEAR OLD **MURDER VICTIM!**

YOUR INTEREST IN MY CAREER TOUCHES ME, CARL... BUT LET'S NOT **OVERDO** IT!



NOW SEE HERE, PORTER... I'M GETTING FED UP! YOU'VE BEEN **PICKING** ON ME FOR WEEKS! OKAY... SUPPOSE YOU GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S BOTHERING ME... IT'S **MARTHA!**



IF JOHN! WHAT ARE YOU... SAYING!

YOU THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW, EH? MY MANAGER AND MY FIANCEE **SNEAKING OFF TOGETHER AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY... MAKING A FOOL OF THE "STUPID BOOKWORM"...**



SO **THAT'S IT!** THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE A CHARACTER OUT OF MACBETH! YOU THINK **MARTHA** AND I HAVE BEEN **SNEAKING BEHIND YOUR BACK!** YOU DIRTY MINDED...

CARL, NO! DON'T! JOHN... JOHN IS JUST OVERTIRED! HE DOESN'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT...



AS **MARTHA** TOLD IT AFTERWARD, THERE WAS NOTHING BETWEEN HER AND **CARL**... BUT THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE! THERE WAS A STRUGGLE, AND THE EMBANKMENT WAS SOFT, MUDDY!

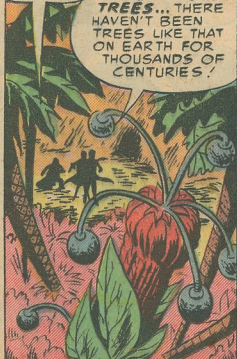


MARTHA HARDY COULD NEVER EXPLAIN IT... SHE KNEW ONLY THAT THE EARTH GAVE WAY... THAT SUDDENLY SHE WAS ONE OF THREE PEOPLE TUMBLING DOWN A MUDDY INCLINE... **INTO ANOTHER WORLD!**



JOHN! WHERE ARE WE? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT THIS... THIS IS LIKE A SCENE RIGHT OUT OF PREHISTORIC TIMES! THOSE **TREES**... THERE HAVEN'T BEEN TREES LIKE THAT ON EARTH FOR THOUSANDS OF CENTURIES!



THAT'S WHAT **YOU** SAY! IT'S A GOOD TRY, JOHN... BUT IT WON'T WORK! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU SAID!

NO, **CARL**, DON'T BE A FOOL... OUR PERSONAL DIFFERENCES CAN WAIT! SOMETHING IS **WRONG!** THIS IS **SPAIN!** IT'S FEBRUARY! BUT... IT'S **WARM!** **TROPICAL!** I THINK WE'D BETTER TRY TO FIND THE CAR!



THERE HAD TO BE AN EXPLANATION... OF COURSE... BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE FOUND AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE!

GONE! THE ROAD, THE CAR... EVEN THE SKULL! THEY'RE GONE! JOHN, WHAT DOES IT MEAN? IT... IT'S LIKE A DREAM... A NIGHTMARE! AS IF WE'D GONE BACK IN TIME!

PERHAPS WE HAVE! MY MIND SAYS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT WE CAN'T ALL BE HAVING THE SAME HALLUCINATIONS...



BACK IN TIME, MY EYE! I DON'T GET IT EITHER... BUT I SAY LET'S START WALKING! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

NO! WE'LL BE SAFER IF WE CAN WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT... THERE WAS AN OPENING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE 'EMBAKMENT... MAYBE A CAVE! WE CAN SPEND THE NIGHT IN THERE... WE'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT!



BUT HOW DOES ANYONE THINK OUT THE IMPOSSIBLE?

JOHN, I... I'M FRIGHTENED! YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS! YOU CAN'T REALLY MEAN WE'VE STUMBLED BACK IN TIME, SOMEHOW... TELL ME YOU'RE JOKING...



MAYBE HE WASN'T JOKING! MARTHA! LOOK AT THESE! I FOUND THEM AT THE BACK OF THE CAVE!

FLINT! A FLINT KNIFE... AND AN AXE! CARL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? THESE ARE STONE AGE WEAPONS!

I KNOW! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... NOW! IF THERE'S A WAY BACK, WE'D BETTER FIND IT... FAST.

CARL MORTON STUMBLED FROM THE CAVE, AND THE OTHERS FOLLOWED... AND...



VA-AAA

JOHN... JOHN... THAT'S CARL!



AND IN PAIN... HORRIBLE PAIN! COME ON...

A GUN! JOHN, YOU... HAVE A GUN!



I WAS GOING TO USE IT ON CARL! I'VE HAD IT FOR WEEKS! I'VE BEEN HALF OUT OF MY MIND WITH JEALOUSY! BUT THAT DOESN'T SEEM IMPORTANT NOW... SO, EHOW! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!



IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO FIND MORTON! HE WAS JUST A FEW STEPS AWAY IN THE UNDER-BRUSH!

CARL! WHAT HAPPENED?



THERE WAS NO PURSUIT... BUT MARTHA HARDY AND JOHN PORTER RAN ON THE WINGS OF TERROR... UNTIL THE BREATH OF FIRE WAS IN THEIR LUNGS! UNTIL THEY COULD RUN NO MORE!



I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT! BUT IT'S HAPPENED! I... I KNOW WHY CARL'S LEGS WERE BROKEN! THAT BEAST MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM! AND TO A CREATURE LIKE THAT... FOOD IS FOOD!

YOU THINK... HE BROKE CARL'S LEGS SO THAT CARL WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO RUN AWAY! UNTIL THAT MONSTER IS HUNGRY! JOHN, NO!

YES, AND WE'LL BE NEXT! HE'LL PROBABLY CARRY CARL TO THAT CAVE! THEN HE'LL COME AFTER US! WE'RE FRESH MEAT TO HIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET FAR AWAY!

NO! WE CAN'T LEAVE CARL TO THE MERCY OF THAT THING... JOHN, YOU'RE A CIVILIZED MAN... THINK!

IN THAT TIME, IN THAT PLACE, MARTHA'S PLEA MUST HAVE SEEMED RIDICULOUS... BUT SHE WAS RIGHT...

YES... I'M CIVILIZED... SO CIVILIZED THAT I WANTED TO KILL HIM OUT OF JEALOUSY... BUT NOW, WHEN EVERY INSTINCT IN ME SCREAMS TO ESCAPE, I CAN'T LEAVE HIM!



IT TOOK
UNTIL
MORNING
TO FIND
THE CAVE
AGAIN--
AND
SANCTUARY..

SO FAR, SO GOOD! A FEW
MORE MINUTES AND WE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT!



JOHN!
HE'S
HERE!



HELP! HELP!

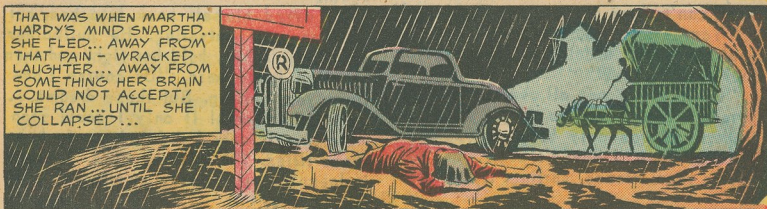


SOMEHOW, DESPITE THE AGONY
WHICH SEARED HIS BRAIN,
JOHN PORTER DID NOT LOSE
CONSCIOUSNESS-- WHEN THE
BEAST TURNED AWAY, PORTER
DREW HIS GUN...



HE FIRED--AND THE MAN-- THE THING-- WHAT-
EVER IT WAS, WHEELED IN ITS TRACKS...





A FARMER FOUND HER, BUT IT WAS WEEKS
BEFORE SHE COULD TELL HER STORY...



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THE NIGHT MARE

He woke with an agonizing moan, sweat running from his brow, his long fingers running through his hair, pulling at it in frenzy. His wife, Joan, stood over him, and with a soft towel wiped away the perspiration from his face. "It's all right, darling," she said, "It's all right."



He clung to her as a terrified child might cling to his mother. "It's getting worse," he told her, "not better. They said when I realized what it was, it would go away. But it's worse. Joan! It isn't fair to you!"

"I'm your wife, Robert. I love you. I only wish the nightmares were mine. This way I can't share or spare you anything."

"You do love me, don't you? You're--you're not just kidding me because you feel sorry for me?"

"I told you it was all over," she whispered. "You've got to forget about it, Robert. It was only because you were gone so long. I haven't seen Paul for over a year. Please, darling, try to forget it."

He shivered and sat up. She threw his bathrobe around his shoulders and lighted a cigaret for him. He took it with trembling fingers and laughed dryly. "If I keep on having these dreams," he said, "I'll be in the hospital for good. Then you can see Paul again. Because this time it will be forever."

"Don't talk that way," she said, bending over to kiss him. "I don't love anyone but you, now. And you're getting better. You know you are. Dr. Benson said you were coming along fine. Try to forget the whole thing, Robert."

"The guns," he cried out, "the rifle fire. I can't take it! I can't take it!" He bent his head, his whole position one of

intense agony.

"I know," she said, "I know. Please, darling, go to sleep now. You'll be all right. Don't talk about it. Please don't talk about it."

"I have to talk about it," he said. "It's the march. All over. If you can't keep up--rifle fire. That's all I heard--rifles."

"But you're home, now. The doctor said you would hear rifle fire for a long time. You've got to understand, Robert."

"How long was I a prisoner? Ah, the times I thought, dreamed about you--and you were out with Paul."

She bit her lips together until they were crimson. "I told you it was over. Paul told you it was over. Don't you believe me? I didn't think you were coming back. Oh, Robert, please don't let's go into it again."

He eased himself back into bed, but he was still shivering. He pulled her down beside him, held her tight and then his lips found hers. "Of course I believe you, darling. But these dreams... these nightmares! If only I could stop marching. If only I didn't have to hear those rifles. I'll lose my mind, Joan. If it doesn't stop, I'll lose my mind--or commit suicide."

She pried herself loose from his arms. She drew the covers up around him and kissed him softly on the cheek. He was silent, his eyes closed. She sat beside him, then, holding his hand until he fell asleep. She was sure, by his regular breathing, that he was asleep.

Then she went to the window. She flung the window open to the night and let the breeze disrupt her hair. She looked back, just once, to make sure he was sleeping soundly. Then she loosened the shutter, the creaky shutter that flapped in the wind and made noises like rifle fire. Her hand loosened the catch. "Paul!", her lips shaped the words, "Paul--soon."

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"With God . . .

all things are possible!"

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?
Are You Worried About Your Health?
Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?
Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?
Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?
Is Some One Dear to You Drinking Too Much?
Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?
Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS—NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and

joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY—we invite you to send your name and address with 10c (coin or stamps) so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just mail your name, address and 10c (coin or stamps) now to LIFE-STUDY FELLOW-SHIP, Box 1508 Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

No one heard the laughter and the dancing feet or the skirl of bagpipes-- except this man. This is the weird account of what happened to him when he decided to stalk---

The MERRY GHOSTS of CAMPBELL CASTLE



'WE STAND HERE THIS GREY WINDY SEPTEMBER MORNING, IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, GAZING PENSIVELY, AND SOMEWHAT SADLY, AT GAUNT, GLOOMY--AND FRIGHTENING--CAMPBELL CASTLE ...

LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR IT? THE MUSIC!

YES, SIR, MR. STORM! BUT WE'LL COME TO THAT PART LATER! NOW TELL US--JUST AS YOU REMEMBER IT--THE STORY OF FREDERICK CAMPBELL...



FRED AND I WERE FRIENDS SINCE CHILDHOOD-- I SAW HIM GROW FAMOUS AS A WRITER! BUT HIS FAME NEVER PARTED US! WE REMAINED FAST FRIENDS... THEN, THREE MONTHS AGO, WE CAME TO SCOTLAND FROM THE U.S.... HE WANTED TO WRITE A BOOK...

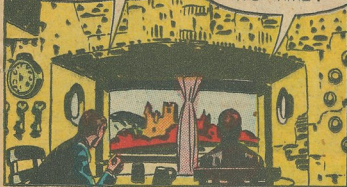




'WE TOOK LODGING AT THE INN THAT NIGHT! AND, IN THE MORNING, WE SAW ANCIENT CAMPBELL CASTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME! I STILL RECALL WITH SOMETHING OF A SHUDDER, FRED'S WORDS, AS WE STARED AT THE CASTLE!

MY FAMILY LINE CAN BE TRACED RIGHT BACK TO THAT CASTLE, IAN. THAT'S WHAT MY BOOK SHALL BE ABOUT, THE CAMPBELL CLAN.

LOOKS LIKE A GRIM PLACE, DOESN'T IT? BUT I IMAGINE IT SAW A BIT OF GAITY IN ITS TIME!



JUST WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU, IAN... I BELIEVE I'M SOMEHOW A PART OF THE PAST... THE PAST IN WHICH **THE OLD CAMPBELL** STILL LIVES!

STILL LIVES? YOU SOUND LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN BOOKS! COME NOW... DRINK YOUR ALE!



PERHAPS, SIR, BUT WE, OF THE VILLAGE **BE-LIEVE** IN THE STORIES ABOUT THE FEASTS OF THE CLAN... AND WE BELIEVE THEY FEAST THIS DAY!

THEN YOU PEOPLE ARE VERY PRONE TO TALL TALES ABOUT GHOSTS!



I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE ON THOSE STORIES BEING TRUE, IAN! I'M GOING TO THE CASTLE! **I CAN STILL HEAR THOSE PIPES...**



THEN **YOU** CAN FEEL IT TOO, EH? A SENSATION OF BEING **ONE WITH THE PAST**... A SORT OF UNION WITH THINGS LONG GONE...

I SAY, FRED, YOU'RE PUTTING WORDS IN MY MOUTH! I FEEL NOTHING OF THE SORT! SEE HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, **WHAT'S COME OVER YOU!**



WAIT... LISTEN! HEAR THE MUSIC? THE SKIRL OF THE BAGPIPES... THE CLAN HAS GATHERED FOR A FEAST AT THE CASTLE!

BOSH! THE **WIND** BLOWING THROUGH THE TREES MAKES THE SAME REEDY MUSICAL SOUND... IT'S SIMPLE LOGIC!



I'M GOING **WITH YOU,** MY FRIEND! YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE A WELL MAN...

'AND **THUS, DID WE SET OFF ACROSS THE MISTY CRAGS FOR MYSTERIOUS CAMPBELL CASTLE... BUT AS WE MADE OUR WAY ACROSS THE ROCKS, FRED CAMPBELL SUDDENLY COLLAPSED...**

THE OLD PAINS... MY HEART... GUESS I WAS MOVING TOO FAST!

THAT SETTLES IT! LET'S GO BACK TO THE INN... AND OUR ALE!



NO... IT'S BETTER NOW!
JUST A MILD ATTACK!
IAN... **THE MUSIC...**
THE PIPES! LISTEN!
COME ON!

WHAT-
EVER YOU
SAY, FRED!

"THEN WE WERE THERE,
STANDING ON THE DRAW-
BRIDGE OF THE ANCIENT
CASTLE, THE WIND HOWLED
MOURNFULLY AROUND US...

ALL RIGHT...
SO WE'VE SEEN
THE CASTLE!
NOW SHALL
WE RETURN
TO THE
INN?

IT IS
FOLLY
TO TURN
BACK NOW!
I **CAN'T**
TURN BACK!
LET'S GO
IN.

"THE GLOOMY, DUST-LADEN CORRIDORS
WERE AS DEAD AS ANYTHING CAN
BE DEAD! THERE WAS NO MOVE-
MENT... NO SOUND... ONLY THE WIND
OUTSIDE, AS IT BLEW THROUGH THE
WINDOWS AND THE NARROW SLITS!

IF THAT
BLASTED
WIND WOULD
ONLY DIE
DOWN!

IT IS NOT THE WIND..
DIDN'T I TELL YOU?
IT IS THE MUSIC OF
THE BAGPIPES! SEE
THEM, IAN? **SEE**
THEM? COME... TO
THE BALLROOM!

"THUS DID WE ENTER THE SPACIOUS, EMPTY
BALLROOM... WHERE ONCE THE GLORY OF A
MIGHTY CLAN MUST'VE REACHED ITS HEIGHT,
I SAW NOTHING BUT THE EMPTINESS! BUT
FRED... **FRED** SAW... OR **SAID** HE SAW!

I'M SO HAPPY
TO SEE YOU,
TONIGHT, FRED!
SHALL WE
DANCE?

YES...
YES!
LET'S
DANCE!

I SAY, FRED!
REALLY, NOW
YOU'RE TALKING
TO **YOURSELF!**

"REMEMBER, TO **MY** EYES, FRED CAMPBELL
DANCED **ALONE** IN THE MUSTY, ANCIENT BALL-
ROOM... HE DANCED LIKE A MAN GONE MAD!

FRED! FRED!

"BUT TO **HIS** EYES... SO HE SWORE... THE ROOM
WAS FILLED WITH DANCING, LAUGHING, CHATTERING
FIGURES FROM THE PAST!

FRED! DON'T
THERE **ARE NO** BAGPIPES... NO PEOPLE...
NOTHING FRED! JUST YOU AND I... AND THAT
ACCURSED WIND! FRED... LISTEN...

FRED! FRED!
LISTEN TO
ME...

THE DANCE IS OVER
NOW, IAN! I HAVE SEEN
THEM... I HAVE JOINED
HANDS WITH HISTORY...
LET US RETURN TO
THE INN...

"BEAR IN MIND HOW I FELT, FRED CAMPBELL WAS MY LIFELONG FRIEND! TO SEE THIS HAPPENING TO HIM FILLED ME WITH PANIC! SO, BACK AT THE INN, I TOOK STRONG MEASURES TO COUNTER THESE INCREDIBLE HAPPENINGS!

THIS IS DOCTOR MACTAVISH, FRED! I ADMIT I TOLD YOU I CALLED HIM IN TO CHECK YOUR **HEART...** BUT... WELL, DOCTOR MACTAVISH IS ALSO A **PSYCHIATRIST...** FRED... I...



YES... I KNOW! YOU THINK I DON'T REALLY HEAR THE BAG-PIPES... THAT I DON'T SEE THE DANCERS! IS THAT NOT TRUE? I **ASSURE** YOU, DOCTOR, I'M **NOT** MAD... YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME...



"THEN, WE WERE ALONE... JUST FRED AND I! I SAY WE WERE **ALONE...** BUT **WERE** WE? FOR SUDDENLY, FRED TURNED... AS IF HEARING A VOICE!

WE BELIEVE YOU, FRED!

YES! YES, OF COURSE! I KNEW **YOU'D** BELIEVE ME!

FRED! FOR PITY SAKE! T-THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US, YOU... YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'RE ANSWERING SOMEONE!



"ONCE AGAIN HE HAD THAT CALM, PEACEFUL EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE... AS IF THERE WERE OTHERS IN THE ROOM WITH US!

OH, FRED! I'VE MISSED YOU! COME... LET'S DANCE!

YES... LET'S DANCE...

GOOD GRIEF! HIS MIND **HAS** SNAPPED!



"I PLEADED WITH FRED... ATTEMPTED TO SHAKE HIM OUT OF THIS MADNESS... AND THAT IS WHEN HE COLLAPSED, OFFICER... COLLAPSED FOR THE LAST TIME...

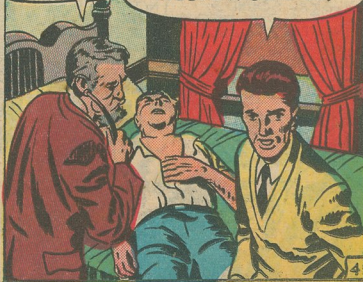
GREAT SCOTT... HIS **HEART!** THIS TIME IT GOT HIM! I FEEL NO PULSE... **DOCTOR!**

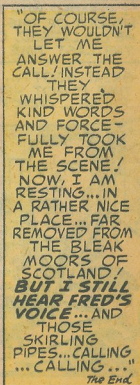


"WHEN THE DOCTOR CAME IN, AND AFTER HE EXAMINED FRED...

HE'S DEAD, MR. STORM! HIS HEART...

I WAS FOOLISH TO EVER LET HIM COME HERE AND... DOCTOR, LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR **MUSIC** AROUND US?






Plays Pieces  <p>"Was able to play many pieces in a short time. Family and friends surprised! Play for social functions, dances." — Peter H. Kozars, Manitoba, Canada.</p>	Excels Friend Who Has Teacher  <p>"I didn't know a note. Now I play for parties. A friend (taking lessons from private teacher same length of time) is still doing simple exercises." — Marie Van Hulle, Manitoba, Canada.</p>	Now Invited Out Lots  <p>"It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances." — Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N.Y.</p>	"Didn't Know A Note"  <p>"I didn't know a note. Now I play many selections, to the delight of friends and relatives." — Lawrence M. Deno, West Chazy, N. Y.</p>	Progresses Rapidly  <p>"How rapidly I am progressing! Lessons so simple, anyone can understand them." — Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming.</p>
Family and Friends Surprised  <p>"I, my family and friends are surprised at my rapid progress!" — Pearl May Clay, Center, Tex.</p>	Learns Faster Without Teacher  <p>"Have no special talent—but now I play guitar better than many who have had teachers for longer time." — Myrella-Maquette Saint-Andre, Montreal.</p>	"Friends Were Amazed"  <p>"Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. Now entertain at parties, play at church." — Samuel Moses, Mt. Vernon, Tenn.</p>	"How Happy I Am"  <p>"How happy I am. I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!" — Cora Franklin Duke, Bumpass, Va.</p>	13-Year-Old Learns  <p>"Never took lessons before. Now play better than friends (with private teachers) who began same time I did." — Joan Lueck, Big Stone, S. Dak.</p>
"Easy as Falling Off Log"  <p>"Easy as falling off log. Have always wanted to play. Now my dream is being fulfilled." — Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.</p>	<div style="text-align: center;"> <h1>Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could!</h1> <h2>EASY LOW-COST METHOD SHOWS YOU HOW TO Play Right Away...EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW A NOTE NOW</h2> </div>			

Wins Bet With Friends


"Bet friends I could learn piano quickly. Last night, one said, 'Why, sounds like you've been playing for years!'" — Louise Gomez, Oakland, Cal.

"Now Play Any Piece I Like"


"Never studied music before. Your method is easy! Now I can play any piece I like." — Rose Boyer, Blackwell, Mo.

"Never Dreamed I Would Play"


"Wouldn't have believed it possible — learning to play in such a short time. Friends can't get over it — but it's your wonderful lesson!" — Eileen Turner, St. Victor, Canada.

Plays for Church


"I'm 12 years old. I have played for our church. My sister also uses the course. She can play anything — and had never taken lessons before." — Patsy Jeffrey, Sweetwater, Tex.

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"Got my start with a U. S. School Course. It's easy to learn to read notes and play this 'teach-yourself' way!" — Lawrence Welk, well-known orchestra leader.

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Thanks to the clear, step-by-step, "print-and-picture" music lessons which the U. S. School of Music sends out to its students everywhere, thousands now play who never thought they could.

Over 900,000 people, including housewives and business men, bakers and bookkeepers, children and retired folks, have taken up this modern way to learn. On this page are shown just a few of their actual reports—telling how well they have done and what it means to them.

Unlike the old-fashioned way to learn music, there are no boring scales or exercises to do. You simply start right in playing—simple pieces—properly, by note. Sensible explanations and clear pictures guide your fingers every step of the way. Sooner than you'd ever dream possible, you find yourself playing hymns, waltzes, folk songs, musical comedy hits, classical numbers. No particular "talent" is required, and the cost is only a few cents a lesson.

"Enjoyed Every Step"


"Enjoyed every step of the way. Friends can't get over the improvement made in such a short time." — Helen Prevas, New Castle, Del.

Never Believed It Possible


"Never dreamed I would ever play. I didn't know one note. Today I play delightful pieces." — Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk, Lodgepole, Nebr.



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The STRANGE APPEARANCES OF "GHOST" IMAGES ON PHOTOGRAPHS ARE CONSIDERED BY SPIRITUALISTS AS EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS!

BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED THIS FACE! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

GHOST PICTURES!

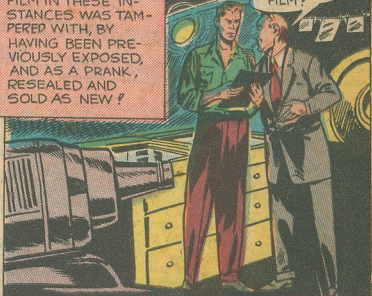
PHOTOGRAPHERS THEMSELVES ARE OFTEN MYSTIFIED TO FIND FOR EXAMPLE, A GHOSTLY LIKENESS OF SOME DECEASED PERSON IN THE BACKGROUND OF AN INNOCENTLY PHOTOGRAPHED LANDSCAPE!



LOOKS JUST LIKE YOUR DAD, WHO HAS BEEN DEAD FOR 10 YEARS?

IT HAS BEEN CONTENDED THAT THE SO CALLED "NEW" FILM IN THESE INSTANCES WAS TAMPERED WITH, BY HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY EXPOSED, AND AS A PRANK, RESEALED AND SOLD AS NEW!

SOMEBODY MUST'VE PULLED YOUR LEG AND SOLD YOU PREVIOUSLY EXPOSED FILM!

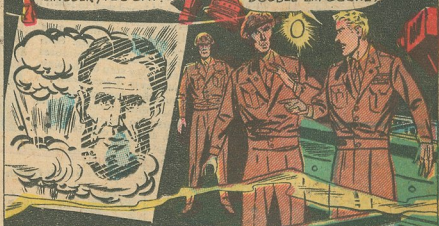


Thus, THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHEN USING THIS FILM WOULD UNWITTINGLY EXPOSE IT A SECOND TIME AND THUS GET A DOUBLE EXPOSURE, RESULTING IN THE GHOST EFFECT!



WHAT! A PICTURE OF LINCOLN, YOU SAY!

YES SIR, AND IT'S NOT A DOUBLE EXPOSURE!



THIS IS THE LOGICAL EXPLANATION...YET SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS INSIST THAT THESE ARE NOT DOUBLE EXPOSURES, AND SO THE RIDDLE GOES ON... CAN THE SPIRITUALISTS BE RIGHT?

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS
ON THE BEAM!

GIVEN!

**BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!**

WE GIVE YOU **CASH** OR **PREMIUMS!**

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etc.

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ACT
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HURRY

WE ARE RELIABLE!

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Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
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paid), Mail
coupon for SALVE
and pictures to
start.

ACT
NOW

BE
FIRST

LET'S
GO!

Feed Chop-
pers, Corving
Sets, Bibles.
Mail coupon.

LOOK!

Football, Tele-
scopes (sent postage
paid), Boys', Girls' Bi-
cycles (express
chgt. collect).

ACT
NOW!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE.
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!
IT'S EASY SELLING TO
YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART
PICTURES -

THAT'S
FOR ME!

SAY! THAT CAMERA
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!
YOU MUST HAVE
STRUCK A
URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST
ME A DIME-
JUST GOT IT FOR
SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY!
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW
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WE TRUST
YOU!

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with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

Poste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

MURDER ?

He walked into his office with a container of black coffee and the morning newspaper, the way he did every morning at five minutes of nine. He said hello to the office help and opened the door to his own private cubby hole. Miss Steiner, his stenographer, came up to him quickly, before he had time to spread the paper out, with a sheaf of letters. She looked worried; almost embarrassed.

"Good morning, Mr. Andres," she said, "if you want to sign these, I'll send them out special. I didn't know you were going to be out."

Andres looked up pleasantly. "No hurry. In fact, you're fast. I dictated them at four o'clock yesterday. You must have worked all night."

Miss Steiner looked at him sharply. "You dictated them at four o'clock day before yesterday," she said with emphasis on the "before". But Andres didn't correct her. He spread the papers on his desk, signed them, and sat down to enjoy his coffee and go over the news.

The headlines hit him like a bomb. "MURDERER STILL AT LARGE." What murder? He hadn't heard about any murder. But it was there, in four inch type. "TUESDAY'S MURDER STILL UNSOLVED."

Tuesday--but that was today. He looked at his calendar. Monday. He looked at the newspaper. Wednesday. He gulped a hot mouthful of steaming coffee. He mustn't get excited. He'd learned to control himself the hard way. Months during his hospital stay he'd learned that. If you couldn't remember, you just couldn't. Period. But what the heck had happened to Tuesday?

Miss Steiner's words hung like thick smoke in his memory. "You dictated them day before yesterday." But he was here; he'd come in yesterday morning the same as every other morning, with his



coffee and newspaper. Only yesterday was Monday. The world was cockeyed. It couldn't be Wednesday.

He walked out of his cubby hole, shaking. He needed more coffee. Were his fellow employees staring at him? Did anyone suspect him? Elmtown was such a small place, he'd have to have an alibi. Everybody who wasn't in his own small corner on Tuesday would have to have an alibi. After all, it was murder.

But would he ever be able to convince anyone that he honestly did not know where he had been on Tuesday? Maybe the doctors at the hospital had records to prove what they had told him: that he might have periods of amnesia again. That there was no real, permanent cure for him. Maybe his landlady had seen him. Or the waitress in the restaurant where he took his meals. Somebody had to have seen him.

He met Bill Williams on his way out. "You must've had some day, yesterday, fella," Bill said. "You look bushed. Say--I've just come from the police station. Looks like the perfect crime, all right. They haven't the trace of a clue. Guess the old gal had a pretty colorful past. Her dad's nixed any probing on those years she spent in New York. By the way, drop in on your way back. I want to check the Gibbons file with you."

"I'm on my way back now," Andres said. He felt relieved. No one would ever know anything about him and Joyce. He wouldn't have known himself except for that one evening when they'd been introduced at the club. She'd managed to get him alone and then she'd told him. They'd been married during his first period of amnesia. Before he'd gone to the hospital, and under another name. Of course he didn't remember a thing about it. It was just a queer, crazy quirk of fate which had made him choose her home town to start life over.

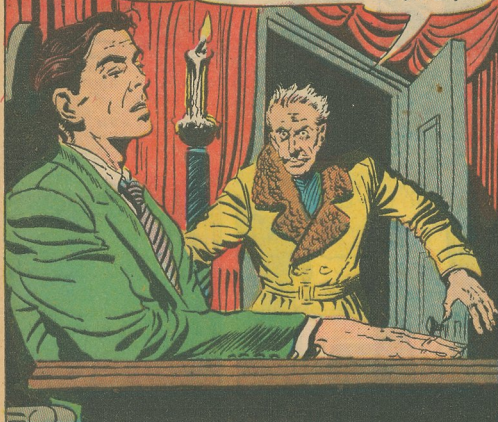
He hadn't even been attracted to her when they'd met. They hadn't spoken again. Unless...unless...but now she was dead. And he would never really know what had happened on Tuesday.

Something's bound to go wrong when an amateur toys with the powers of the master. In this case, the master was a sorcerer who left his young and foolish assistant alone-- with these specific instructions---

DON'T call on the DEAD!

GEORGE WATKINS IS BEYOND THE PALE NOW! DEAD! SO PERHAPS HE HAS FOUND THE EXPLANATIONS, BUT ALL THAT WE, THE LIVING, KNOW IS WHAT HAPPENED HERE ON THIS SPHERE! BEGINNING WITH THE NIGHT THAT WALTER HANLY FOUND WATKINS HOVERING MIDWAY BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

GEORGE! YOU FOOL! I'VE WARNED YOU! THE DEAD ARE NOT TO BE CALLED BACK LIGHTLY!



WAKE UP! YOU'RE TOYING WITH THINGS YOU DON'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!

WHAT... WHAT IS IT...



OH, IT... IT'S YOU, MR. HANLY! I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE OUT FOR THE EVENING! WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

SOMETHING THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE! YOU WERE IN A **TRANCE!** IN THE BEGINNING OF A TRANCE!



THEN I'VE DONE IT! THIS POWER THAT I FEEL IN ME IS... **REAL!**

I'VE **NEVER** DOUBTED IT! THAT'S WHY, I'VE TAUGHT YOU! SOME DAY YOU'LL BE A GREAT MEDIUM BUT YOU'RE NOT READY YET!



BUT WHY? I CAN FEEL THEM CROWDING AROUND ME, WHISPERING! NO ONE ELSE UNDERSTANDS, THE WORLD JEERS AT THE IDEA WE CAN CONTACT THE DEAD, BUT YOU KNOW!

YES, I KNOW! I KNEW ALL MY LIFE! SPIRITUALISM IS MY LIFE'S WORK BUT, EVEN SO, I STILL TREAD CAREFULLY!



BUT, YOU **DO** CALL BACK THE DEAD! I'VE HEARD THEM SPEAK THROUGH YOU AT YOUR SEANCES!

I CALL BACK THE DEAD, YES! BUT, IF THEY COME... IT'S FOR A PURPOSE, GEORGE! YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND! A MEDIUM IS A CONTROL! NO MORE! IT'S THE **DEAD** WHO DECIDE IF THEY WILL RETURN OR NOT!



WHEN THEY DO IT IS TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING HERE ON OUR PLANE, CALLING THEM WITHOUT REASON IS **DANGEROUS!** YOU HAVE THE GIFT... BUT NO PURPOSE! WAIT! PROMISE ME YOU'LL **WAIT!**



GEORGE WATKINS PROMISED! AFTER ALL, HE LIVED IN WALTER HANLY'S HOUSE, SUPPORTED BY WALTER HANLY'S BOUNTY! HE LISTENED, HE LEARNED! BUT HE WAS YOUNG AND, THE YOUNG ARE AMBITIOUS... **CURIOUS!**



WATKINS WAS CURIOUS! FILLED WITH A POWER INSIDE HIM THAT EVEN **HE** DID NOT YET UNDERSTAND! AND THE NIGHT HAUNTED HIM WITH THINGS UNSEEN...

THIS ROOM! IT'S FILLED WITH THEM, ALL AROUND ME! THEY'RE HERE, WAITING TO BE CALLED! IF I ASK, THEY'LL COME!



NAMES! I MUST HAVE THE NAMES OF THOSE I CALL BACK! ANY NAMES! **JOHN CLARK, DAVID BROWN!** SOMEWHERE, SOMEWHERE, THERE WERE MEN WHO HAD THOSE NAMES!



DAVID BROWN... JOHN CLARK... **COME!** I AM WAITING...



AFTER-WARDS, GEORGE WATKINS SPOKE OF THE HEAVENNESS WHICH BEGAN TO PRESS HIM DOWN! THEN... NOTHING... A BLACK BOTTOM... A DEEP DARK PIT... FROM WHICH HE EMERGED DAZED... WEAK...

D-DOORBELL... THAT'S THE... DOORBELL!





YES? WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU SENT FOR ME! MY NAME IS **DAVID BROWN!**

GEORGE WATKINS HAD NOT BEEN FULLY AWARE UNTIL THEN! BUT NOW, SUDDENLY, THE AIR WAS COLD! SUDDENLY, HE WAS AFRAID! SUDDENLY, **THE MAN AT THE DOOR STEPPED FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT!**



BROWN? WHAT SORT OF A JOKE IS THIS? THERE'S... N-NO DAVID BROWN! **I JUST MADE UP THAT NAME!**

I AM DAVID BROWN!



Y-YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND! **GET OUT!**

BUT... THIS IS WHERE I BELONG! WITH YOU! YOU **CALLED ME...** I CAME!



THEN GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM! T-THIS IS A DREAM! IN A MINUTE I'LL WAKE UP AND YOU'LL BE GONE!



PERHAPS, GEORGE WATKINS WAS ILL! PERHAPS, HE JUST IMAGINED PART OF WHAT HAPPENED THAT EVENING. BUT MOST OF IT CANNOT BE SET DOWN TO IMAGINATION! CERTAINLY THE END CANNOT!

GO AWAY... GO BACK... YOU AREN'T REAL! YOU **CAN'T BE!**



DEVIL! CORPSE! WHATEVER YOU ARE, **GO BACK!** STAY AWAY...



DON'T COME NEAR ME!

NO, THE END WAS NOT IMAGINATION! THE KNIFE WAS THERE, AND GEORGE WATKINS WAS AFRAID! HE WAS SITTING AT THE DESK SHIVERING AS IF WITH THE CHILL, WHEN WALTER HANLY RETURNED!

GEORGE! WHAT HAPPENED?

HAPPENED? I DON'T THINK I KNOW! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



HE'S DEAD! BUT, WHO IS HE?

NO ONE! A SHADOW! I CALLED HIM, HE SAID! SO HE CAME FROM THE DEAD! I KILLED A CORPSE! BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE DOES IT?



GEORGE TOLD HIS STORY! THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIS STORY WAS BELIEVED! FOR THE FIRST TIME... AND THE LAST!

BUT I CALLED TWO MEN, WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE? JOHN CLARK! MR. HANLY, YOU SAID THE DEAD RETURN ONLY FOR A PURPOSE! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW! I ONLY HOPE WE CAN MAKE THE POLICE BELIEVE YOUR STORY AS I DO! THAT'S ALL I CAN HOPE FOR!



HOPE? YES, THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE! BUT SOMETIMES, ONLY A FORLORN HOPE, A GRASPING AT STRAWS! FOR GEORGE WATKINS, THERE WAS NO HOPE, REALLY! POLICE-MEN DO NOT BELIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE!

WELL, I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR YOU, WATKINS! YOUR STORY IS DIFFERENT ANYWAY! VERY INTERESTING!

INTERESTING? IT'S TRUE! EVERY WORD!



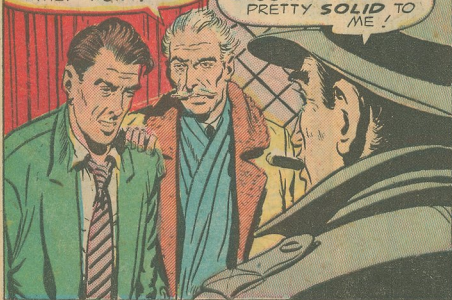
MR. HANLY, TELL HIM! MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND! TELL HIM THAT I'M NOT LYING!

AND, IF I DID... DO YOU THINK HE'D LISTEN, GEORGE? I WARNED YOU! THERE ARE THINGS NOT TO BE TAMPERED WITH! I WARNED YOU!



NO, I **DIDN'T** MEAN THAT! THAT WON'T HELP, GEORGE. I'LL TRY! I'LL BACK YOU UP IN COURT, BUT THEY WON'T LISTEN! I KNOW THEY WON'T!

THEY'LL LISTEN, HANLY! BUT, I DOUBT IF YOU'LL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN AWAY THAT CORPSE ON THE FLOOR, FOR A SPOOK! HE LOOKS PRETTY **SOLID** TO ME!



WAIT... IF HE EXISTS, THEN **JOHN CLARK** MUST EXIST! FIND HIM! HE'LL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

SURE! SURE! BUT, MEANWHILE IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE USED **AGAINST** YOU! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



BUT THE POLICE NEVER FOUND JOHN CLARK! NOT THE JOHN CLARK! NO ONE BELIEVED IN SUCH A MAN! REALLY! HOW COULD THEY?

JOHN CLARK! COME NOW, MR. WATKINS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE CARRIED THIS FAIRY TALE FAR ENOUGH? YOU KILLED A MAN! WHY?

I'VE TOLD YOU WHY! I'M NOT A MURDERER! THE MAN I KILLED WAS ALREADY DEAD! PERHAPS, FOR... FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM! TO FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES!

IF YOU'D JUST FIND JOHN CLARK! HE COULD EXPLAIN! ONLY HE!

EXPLAIN? THAT YOU CREATED HIM! THAT YOU BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD, AND GAVE A SPIRIT FROM BEYOND FLESH AND BLOOD! REALLY, MR. WATKINS, YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!

THE STATE'S ATTORNEY SMILED! BUT, HE WAS NOT SMILING AT THE END! THERE IS NO HUMOR IN A **DEATH SENTENCE!**

...THERE TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE **DEAD!**

GEORGE WATKINS'S LAST WORDS, SOME WEEKS LATER, WERE ABOUT THE MAN HE CALLED JOHN CLARK! HE STOOD ON THE SCAFFOLD IN THE OLD LORRAINE PRISON AND KEPT SCREAMING THE WORDS! BUT NO ONE LISTENED!

NO! YOU FOOLS! FIND JOHN CLARK! **FIND JOHN CLARK!**

HE SCREAMED UNTIL THE TRAP DROPPED! THEN THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY WITNESSES AS THEY FILED OUT, SOBER, AS MEN ARE, ONLY IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH!

IT'S... OVER THEN, WARDEN?

YES! BUT I TOLD YOU **NOT** TO LEAVE MY OFFICE, MR. HANLY! I'M AWARE THAT YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO CLAIM WATKINS'S BODY BUT, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT HERE!

IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?

NO, BUT, JUST NOW, I FELT A SUDDEN **CHILL**, AS IF A COLD WIND HAD SPRUNG UP!

I'M SORRY IF I'VE BROKEN ANY RULES! I'LL WAIT IN YOUR OFFICE UNTIL I CAN CLAIM THE BODY! I CAN AT LEAST GIVE GEORGE A **DECENT BURIAL!**

WARDEN. WARDEN!

PORTER, I DON'T UNDERSTAND, I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE TONIGHT!

SO THE GUARD TOLD ME, THIS THING DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I UNDERSTOOD THAT THE EXECUTION WAS SET FOR ELEVEN TONIGHT, IT'S ONLY **TEN NOW!**

BUT, THE GUARD TELLS ME THE EXECUTION IS ALREADY **OVER!**

IT IS... BUT I UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU WERE ILL, THAT YOU **WOULD NOT** BE HERE TONIGHT! THAT OTHER MAN HAD ALL THE PROPER PAPERS! I HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT HIM!



OTHER MAN? **WHAT OTHER MAN?**

THE MAN WHO SUBSTITUTED FOR YOU, THE MAN WHO HANGED GEORGE WATKINS, HIS PAPERS WERE IN ORDER! **JOHN CLARK, EXECUTIONER!** HE SUGGESTED THE CHANGE IN TIME!

JOHN CLARK! WARDEN, THAT'S THE NAME OF THE OTHER MAN, THE MAN GEORGE SAID HE CALLED BACK! DO YOU THINK HE COULD HAVE BEEN...

OF COURSE NOT! I THOUGHT IT A RATHER STRANGE COINCIDENCE BUT, THAT'S ALL!



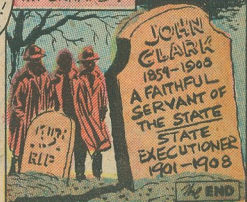
THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF **GRIM** HOAX! BUT, WHOEVER, THAT OTHER HANGMAN WAS, HE'LL PAY FOR HIS JOKE! GUARD, GET TO THE GATE! NO ONE IS TO LEAVE! NONE OF THE WITNESSES! NO ONE!

BUT JOHN CLARK WAS NOT TO BE FOUND, AT LEAST NOT INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS!

WARDEN, **LOOK THERE!**

THAT'S HIM! IN THE OLD PRISON CEMETERY! HOW DID HE GET OUT! COME ON! WE'LL GET HIM!

ONLY THE WARDEN WAS WRONG! JOHN CLARK VANISHED AS IF THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN ON EARTH NO LONGER EXISTED! WALTER HANLY FOUND THE ANSWER...PERHAPS!



PERHAPS THE ANSWER WAS WHAT WALTER HANLY HAD ONCE TOLD GEORGE WATKINS! **IF THE DEAD RETURN, IT IS FOR A REASON! REMEMBER THAT!**

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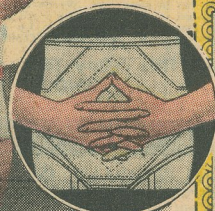
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